Ashtabula Telegraph.

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ASHTABULA. : : OHIO.

SHOVEL AND TONGS.

You stand in your metal rack to-night
On my hearthstone, glowing fair and bright
In the armament that to you belongs,
Old shovel and tongs!

Once seized with a sudden freak or whim,
They brought you out of the garret dim,
While searching in closet, chest and sack
For bric-a-brac.

For rust you scarce could stir your pegs,
Long tongs; yet they polished your slender legs,
And you now stand guard by my arm-chair here,
Like a tall grenadier.

Your mate, too, polished to high degree,
Stands ready for duty, whate'er it be;
And you both, as in seventeen ninety-two,
Have hot work to do.

Great-grandmother handled you then with grace—
I'm looking up now at her Spartan face;
For her picture graces the parlor wall,
Ruffles and all.

Had you only ears, and tongues as well,
Full many a story you might tell
Of family rights and family wrongs,
Old shovel and tongs!

Of wedding feasts and household joys,
Of innocent romping girls and boys—
But, busy with ashes, coals and soot,
You, too, are mute.

You'll flourish in this poor vale of tears
Perhaps for another hundred years,
When others are singing our household songs,
Old shovel and tongs!

And some fair woman not yet born
Again may rout you from depths forlorn,
While hunting, like us, the dames far back,
For bric-a-brac.

—*New York Sun.*

WAS HE A HERO?

CHAPTER I.

Jack Hasbrouck was rather a common sort of boy. His light brown hair was generally very much tumbled up, his face was plain and freckled, and his honest hazel eyes did not sparkle or glow, or do anything in particular but enable their owner to see. He was fourteen years old, a strong, healthy lad, very fond of play and not a bit fond of study or work. So, take him all in all, Jack was not such a boy as one would naturally select for a hero.

Jack's home was on an island—Winona Island, we will call it—lying in the Shatemuc River about forty miles from the sea. All around the island, which stretched its rocky length a mile along the western side of the river, rose grand highlands covered to the summit with "the forest primeval." Between the western shore and the island lay a broad salt marsh, and beyond the marsh, for miles and miles, spread out an almost trackless forest. On the eastern side flowed the river, at this point half a mile wide and more than a hundred feet deep. It was rather a wild spot for a home, and a rough place in which to pass a winter. But in summer it was rarely beautiful, and a fine place for every kind of boyish sport.

There were, besides Jack's family, two others living on the island, and in each was a boy about Jack's age. Joe Kiesler was a little older, and a good deal smarter—so everybody thought—than Jack. Charley Grant was a year younger, and a sort of body-servant to the two older boys, who liked him and tyrannized over him to their hearts' content. The three lads generally got on together very pleasantly. There was plenty for them to do. They played at work when required, and worked at play with all their might whenever they could get off from the drudgery of "chores" and working in the vineyards and nurseries on the island. They were all good boatmen, and could pull as steady a stroke, and "feather" their oars as neatly, as the best man on the island. They each had a boat, a stanch little craft, built of cedar, light and easily handled, but able to stand a heavy sea; and many were the races the boys had, up and down the river, and across it, and in among the coves and bights of the island shore. When the wind swept down from the northwest, and the tide was running out, it was tough work pulling up-stream. Sometimes the boats would remain "stock still" for half an hour where the tide rushed around some jutting point, and the boys would have to pull with might and main to keep from going back, instead of forward. But it was rare fun (seeing it wasn't work!), and it made their muscles like bowstrings for strength and suppleness.

There were other sports, too—fishing, hunting, swimming, climbing the mountains on the mainland, and splendid skating in winter. And in the fall, after the early frosts had done their duty as nut-burr openers, there was a fine chance for chestnutting. On the upper part of the island, which was so rocky that it could not be cultivated, was a thick wood; and among the prim cedars and stalwart oaks were a few grand old chestnut trees, from which bushels of shiny nuts could be gathered—and of course *were* gathered—in the season.

It was a pleasant morning toward the end of October. Jack and Joe had been lounging about the dock for an hour or so, watching the river craft as they swept by in the fresh breeze, and talking boy-talk about nothing in particular. Presently Charley came running down with a bag.

"Hullo, fellers, let's go ches'nutting."

"All right! come on," said Joe, taking the leadership, as usual; and off went the three, as happy as larks. In a few minutes they were up in the great trees, and nuts were rattling down like hailstones on the thick carpet of brown and yellow leaves beneath them. After giving each tree a thorough shaking, the boys came down to gather up the spoils and make a division.

Now it was a part of the unwritten Constitution—the Common Law—of the Winona Republic, that when the three boys went nutting together they should "share and share alike." This was fair enough, because it could not be told which one shook down the most, and the gathering was always "thrown in" as too small a matter to be considered. So they would gather up all they could find, put them in a single heap, and divide by handfuls. This made a pretty even division, and nobody had any just cause for complaint.

But to-day, an ugly spirit of mischief—or perversity—seemed to have got under Master Joe's jacket. When they had poured their glossy treasures into the common heap he began to make the division, but every second time around he put two handfuls instead of one into his own pile.

"What are you doing there?" asked Jack, with a slight touch of fierceness in his tone.

"I'm dividing," said Joe, briefly.

"You ain't doing it fair, anyway," added Charley.

"You shut up!" was Joe's emphatic rejoinder; and Charley dared say no more.

"Now look a-here!" said Jack, getting into a heat. "You can't come that game on us. Divide fair, or you sha'n't divide at all."

"I'd like to know who's going to prevent me!"

Joe was getting uglier every minute. What was merely a spirit of mischief at the start had now become a hard, wicked purpose to *be* unfair, in spite of everything. Jack jumped to his feet, the fire in his heart bursting into a hot and furious flame.

"It's a mean trick, and you're a mean fellow to do it, so there now!"

The two boys had always been good friends. They had had their "tiffs," like other boys, but these were little affairs and soon made up; for the lads were really very fond of each other, and could not bear to be at enmity long. But here was a more serious affair. On the one side an act of outrageous injustice—on the other an accusation that no boy of spirit, especially if he deserved it, could endure for a moment.

Joe was on his feet now, and with clinched fists and angry face shouted,

"Say that again, if you dare!"

There was an instant's pause. Poor little Charley stood by in an agony of wonder and fear. It was not a pleasant scene to witness in the pleasant woods on that bright October day. But angry passions spoil many a lovely day in this fair world of ours!

"I do dare to say it again, and you know it's true!" said Jack, with a hot flush on his freckled face.

The words had scarcely passed his lips when Joe, stung to fury by the taunt, sprang forward and planted a heavy blow in Jack's face. It was an ugly deed—the first blow he had ever struck, except in fun.

Now, if Jack had been a hero, he would probably have put himself in fighting attitude, and "pitched in" for a regular battle with his angry friend. They would have had a furious fight, and after mauling each other for some time and getting black eyes and bloody faces, would have shaken hands and "made up." If he had been the kind of boy we read of sometimes—but seldom meet—he would perhaps have said, with disarming mildness and dignity,

"Joseph, I am sorry if *I* have hurt your feelings, and although you have struck me, I forgive you, and ask to be forgiven."

Perhaps something like that—in spirit, at least—would have been better, on the whole, than what Jack did.

But Jack was neither a physical nor a moral hero, to any great extent. He was afraid to fight Joe, who was bigger and stronger than he; and he had not the slightest inclination to make up with him in any way. He simply turned around without another word, and walked rapidly away. But his boyish heart was in a very tumult of angry passion. "I'll get even with him, some way!" was the one thought that surged through his breast, as he tramped homeward through the leafless woods, and past the vineyards and hot-houses; and if any means of doing Joe a serious injury had occurred to him at the moment, he would probably have jumped at it as a trout jumps at a tempting fly in August. Fortunately, no such unhappy chance presented itself, and Jack had time to cool off before being able to avenge the cruel insult he had suffered.

For several days the boys kept apart. Joe was too proud to "own up," and Jack too angry to have anything to do with him. Charley had a hard time of it between them, for they both wanted him to be with them, and scolded and threatened to "lick" him if he went with the other. All the usual fall sports were neglected. October faded into November, and the first week proved a cold and stormy one. The fierce northwest winds came howling down the mountain sides, lashing the river into foamy "white caps," and putting the hardy river craftsmen to their utmost skill to avoid an upset in the narrow pass between the hills. It was a dreary time, and the boys felt, as they had never felt before, how tiresome the island was in heavy weather.

CHAPTER II.

One morning, while the storm still raged, Charley came running over to Jack's house all breathless and excited.

"Joe's awful sick!" he cried, as soon as he could catch his breath. "The doctor's come, and they don't think he'll ever get well."

Good Mrs. Hasbrouck immediately went over to offer her neighborly services, and soon returned for something needful. Jack, eagerly watching for her, inquired with an anxious heart what the trouble was.

"Poor Joe is very sick, indeed. He was taken last night with a fever, and this morning is delirious."

"May I go over to see him?"

"No, indeed! You'd only be in the way, and might catch the fever."

Jack slunk away, and went aimlessly out into the yard. At Charley's first words, all the anger had gone out of his heart, and a kind of awful dread had taken its place. What if Joe should die! What if that miserable scene in the woods should be his last view of the boy he liked so well! Jack would have given anything in the world, including his boat and his six-bladed jack-knife, if he could only see Joe for just one little minute, and "make up" before he died.

But day followed day in anxious suspense. It was hard to get the doctor over to the island; for it was a good two-mile row to the village, and the weather was so rough that it was a task for two stout men to pull the heavy boat across. And when he came, he could do little but look at the hot face of the tossing boy, and prescribe a different medicine.

One night—it was near the crisis of the disease—a sad accident happened. The doctor had been there during the day, and left a medicine which he said must be given at intervals during the night. Just after the evening hail set in with pitchy darkness, rendered doubly black by the heavy clouds which hung below the sky, Mrs. Kiesler went to the closet to pour out another dose of the medicine. Nervous from anxiety and long watching, she took the bottle with an unsteady hand. In an instant it had slipped through her fingers, and was dashed into a thousand pieces on the floor. Here was a sad case, indeed! All of poor Joe's medicine gone, and no possible way of getting any more that night. The storm was momentarily increasing in violence, and the anxious mother well knew that no one would dare to venture across the river in so furious a tempest. The accident was soon known in all the homes, and many were the words of sympathy uttered. But even the hardy boatman, accustomed to rough weather, shook his head when the possibility of getting to the village was spoken of.

"Tain't no use talkin'," he said. "Ye couldn't git acrost more'n nuthin' at all. It 'ud be jes' temptin' Providence ter try it."

Every one felt the force of old Baxter's words, for none doubted his courage or his skill as a boatman.

But to one listener the sad intelligence of the mishap and the impossibility of remedying it brought a hope and a desire which soon resolved themselves into action.

"What was the name of the medicine, mother?" said Jack quietly.

Mrs. Hasbrouck told him. No one noticed when, a minute later, Jack slipped out of the door with cap and overcoat, and sped into the darkness.

It was, indeed, a fearful night. The storm had risen to a gale. The chill November rain poured down in torrents, and the furious wind whistled and howled amid the leafless branches of the trees. Through the darkness Jack could hear the roar of the waves that were dashing heavily against the rocks, and as he neared the dock he could dimly see the glimmer of their white crests.

With much difficulty he unfastened the painter of his stanch little boat, and with a few sharp strokes of the oars was out on the boiling river!

It was a serious task he had before him. Already he was wet to the skin by the driving rain, and every moment showers of salt spray dashed over him. The cold wind benumbed his bare hands, tough as they were, so that he could scarcely hold the oars. Again and again the waves knocked the oars from the rowlocks, and threatened to engulf him beneath their dreadful weight. But Jack did not feel a bit afraid. Perhaps he did not realize the full extent of the danger he was in. Possibly he thought—I hope he did—that God was on the river as well as on the land, and that He who stilled the waves on Galilee could care for the boy who was trying, with a stout heart and determined will, to do a noble deed for friendship's sake. At any rate he did not falter in his purpose, but struggled manfully on until, by the sound of the breakers, he knew he was near the other side. Fortunately, he struck the shore within a little cove, sheltered by high rocks, and was able to land without much trouble.

The walk to the village, a mile and a half, was along a railway track; a part of it across a long bridge, on which only a single plank was laid for foot-passengers. But walking was pleasant after the tremendous labor of rowing, and Jack trudged briskly forward, cheered by the lights of the distant village, and an occasional gleam from the flagmen's boxes along the road. In due time the village was reached, the medicine procured, and Jack started on his return trip with a light and eager heart.

But walking down the road with the wind, and up against the wind, were two quite different things. Often Jack was brought to a complete standstill, and his breath fairly blown away, by the fury of the gale. And on the long bridge he was several times obliged to cling to the plank with his hands to save himself from being blown into the water. At length, however, he got safely back to his boat, and after stopping a few moments to rest, launched out again upon the tossing waves.

But all this while, what was happening on the island? For a time, Jack's absence was not noticed. But when the family were assembled for evening prayer, inquiry began to be made for him. No one knew where he was, of course, and the exercise went on without him. Then nine o'clock came, and Mrs. Hasbrouck, growing somewhat worried, went to look for his coat and cap. Both were gone! Then there was a sudden muster of the family forces. The neighbors were inquired of, but they knew nothing of him. Where could the boy be? The men went about calling through the darkness, but no Jack responded to their shouts. They searched in every nook and corner where he could be supposed to be, but all in vain.

All at once, with a mother's instinct, Mrs. Hasbrouck recalled Jack's inquiry about the medicine. Could it be?—yes, that must be it! With lantern in hand, waiting for no one, she ran to the dock. Jack's boat was gone! The mystery was solved; but the poor mother's heart sank within her as she looked out on the stormy river, and remembered what the old boatman had said.

But not a moment was to be lost. She hastened back to the house, and in a trice every window towards the river was lighted up, and a large reflecting light was carried to the rock above the landing. At least there should be nothing omitted that could help the poor lad find his way home, if the hungry waves had spared him.

Just as Jack struck out into the river he glanced behind him and saw the faint glimmer of the lights through the pelting rain. It put new life into his sturdy arms, and the rushing waves and furious wind did not seem half so threatening as before. He knew they were watching and praying for him, and he smiled to think how glad they would all be when he landed with the precious medicine that was to save poor Joe's life. But O how long it took to row across! Wind and tide were against him now. Every pull of the oars seemed to require the utmost strength he could put into it, and after his previous exertions, the labor rapidly wore upon his energies, until the poor lad's courage began to fail, and the terrible fear came rushing into his mind that he might not be able to reach home after all. How cold it was! How tired he felt, and how numb his hands were growing! The pleasant lights seemed farther off than when he saw them first. He was surely drifting away, and would soon be swallowed up, with the life-giving medicine, by the surging, pitiless river. Gradually, his strokes became less and less vigorous. His weary arms refused to do their office. His head swam, and before he could recover himself, an oar had slipped from his weakened grasp.

But hark! what is that? A shout close by, and the sound of oars! Summoning up all his energies, Jack shouted in reply. There was an answer, and he called again. A few moments of anxious suspense, and the great oak boat runs alongside Jack's almost sinking craft, while old Baxter's stout hands seize the exhausted boy and drag him safely aboard! The brave old man, moved by the mother's agony, had ventured out at the risk of his own life in the wild hope of encountering Jack either on the river or on the further shore; and Providence had led him to the fulfillment of his hope just in the nick of time. It was a hard row back. But Baxter was a mighty oarsmen, and his happy heart gave added power to his strong arms, so that in no long time the dock was reached in safety.

And wasn't it a glad meeting when Jack was lifted from the boat and folded in his mother's arms? He could just whisper, "The medicine—in my inside pocket!" and fainted dead away.

They carried him quickly to the house, and the medicine was taken to Mrs. Kiesler. In the morning, after a sound night's rest, Jack awoke, as healthy boys do, as well as ever; and his first thought was for Joe.

Whether it was the medicine procured at so much risk, or kind Nature that did it, it is impossible to say; but in the morning the crisis of the fever had passed, and Joe was on the mend. In a day or two, Jack was permitted to see him for a few minutes. Mrs. Kiesler had proudly told her boy what his friend had done for him, and Joe, remembering sadly their last encounter in the wood, was eager to see dear Jack once more. But their meeting was dreadfully prosaic.

"Jack," said Joe, in a thin, faint voice, extending his poor, weak hand, "'twas awful good of you to do that for me."

Jack grasped his hand warmly, and *looked* a great deal. But he only said:

"O pshaw! 'twasn't anything at all!"

But from that time forth never were two boys such friends as Joe and Jack.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Apples, in addition to being a delicious fruit, make a pleasant medicine. A raw mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. If baked apples are eaten frequently at breakfast with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Here is a recipe for crullers old enough to be good. It was taken from a manuscript receipt-book written in New York in 1788: Take of buttermilk one-half of a cup and two cupfuls of Muscovado, a piece of sweet butter as large as a walnut, a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of ground cass (cinnamon?) just as much wheaten flour as will make a running dough; roll it even, not above a pie thickness; cut in strips, which tie over in lover's-knots; have a skillet with sweet home-made hog's fat, and when the fat is hissing hot fry your crullers. A housekeeper who has tried this venerable recipe writes to the New York *Times* that she did so with some hesitation, as there is no saleratus in it, but was surprised to find it made a light cruller.

—Give your plants fresh air on cheerful, sunny days; they need it. Cleanliness is as necessary to their health as that of animals; and it is, therefore, necessary to secure them from dust as much as possible, and also to cleanse the plants frequently by syringing or washing. Even here a little caution is necessary, for while the smooth-leaved plants are benefited, not only by showering, but even by washing the leaves with a cloth or sponge, the rough-leaved plants, like the Begonia Rex, do not like to have the surface of their leaves frequently moistened. It would therefore, be well to remove such plants before syringing. Take every precaution, however, to prevent the accumulation of dust upon the plants.—*Exchange.*

—The small things which need attention in early spring are numerous and pressing, and if they are not done now will probably have to go another year. The wagons and carts need painting or repairing, the plows to be overhauled, harrow-teeth pointed, seed to be selected or procured, harness to be repaired and cleaned, the thrashing machine and horse-power to be cleaned and oiled—in short, all tools for spring and summer work should be looked at and put in order. If you have not been in the habit of keeping accounts, the present is a good time to get an account-book and begin. It requires very little knowledge of book-keeping to do this, so that you can understand it yourself, at any rate, and it is very satisfactory at the end of the year to see just how matters do stand.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Scientific Farming Practical.

Mr. Buckmaster, before a well attended meeting of farmers, held at Tadley, in England, the other day, to consider a scheme for teaching the science of farming, said that there was no opinion more deeply ingrained in the mind of the English farmer than the belief that there was antagonism between science and practice. Some even went so far as to say that the two are incompatible. The farmer who drains his land or tries a new manure, or a new machine, or a new crop, calls himself a practical man; he despises all experiment, and laughs at the teaching of scientific men. He is not conscious that when he is thinking over new plans and adopting new methods of cultivation he may be illustrating in his daily work a series of chemical and physiological experiments of extreme complexity and importance. Men of the highest order of intellect, and whose researches were the most original, have been practical men. Practice and theory are but phases of the same form of thought. The practical farmer, if he ever permits his mind to rise above the traditions and empirical rules of his forefathers, and asks, "Could not that have been done in a better and more perfect way; would not this be an improvement?" becomes a theorist, and when he tries to realize these conceptions becomes a practical man. Theory and practice are inseparable in every art, however much men may seek to disunite them. The most practical man is often the most theoretical. Every operation is with him a theory. He recognizes no change; he will admit of no trial or experiment, because that would be an acknowledgment of science. Every science is built up of principles, and these principles carried into work are called practice. There is the science of astronomy and the art of navigation; the science of geometry and the art of land measuring; the science of mechanics and the art of making machinery; the science of chemistry and the art of agriculture. Almost every science is the basis of a cognate art. The most obvious and natural way of arriving at a real knowledge of the art of agriculture would be to know something of those principles on which the art is based, art being nothing more than the application of principles previously acquired. A farmer who is able to unite a perfect mastery of principles with a knowledge of practical details is an educated and scientific farmer. It might reasonably be inferred that the shortest and easiest method of learning any industrial art, and the surest guide to new discoveries in the art, would be a knowledge of those fundamental principles upon which the art was based. No amount of practical skill and experience could ever replace the want of scientific knowledge in farming.—*Scientific American.*

—In the Middle Ages the burial service was read over a man when he became a leper, and he was from that time separated from the rest of mankind, except others like himself.

—During the year 1833 the late A. T. Stewart invited Lewis Tappan, a partner in the firm of Arthur Tappan & Co., to come to his store, then situated on Broadway opposite the City Hall, to examine his stock, books and papers, and report the facts of his condition to his firm and to Henry Sheldon, a French importer, and several others, from whom Mr. Stewart desired considerable credit. After a careful examination, Mr. Tappan reported Mr. Stewart to be "fairly worth $62,000 over and above all his liabilities." This gave confidence to all parties, and thence afterward he had all the credit he wanted. Some years after this, Mr. Stewart told Mr. Tappan that the credit given as the result of that examination gave him a new start in business, and was of immense advantage to him.—*Harper's Weekly.*

—The Louisville *Democrat* says that as a body politic each State should cut but little figure. Its prosperity and strength should not be seen in the number and magnificence of its public buildings, such as State-houses, Poor-houses, Correction-houses, Court-houses, Jails, Penitentiaries, etc. These may be evidences of the prosperity of "success," but they are not evidences of a prosperous, highly civilized, self-governing commonwealth. On the contrary, they are monuments of social rottenness and internal disorders. So far from being objects of pride, they should be considered expensive and shameful finger-boards of a low order of civilization.

—The hound is a most interesting dog. How solemn and long-visaged he is—how peaceful and well-disposed! He is the Quaker among dogs. All the viciousness and currishness seem to have been weeded out of him; he seldom quarrels, or fights, or plays like other dogs. Two strange hounds, meeting for the first time, behave as civilly toward each other as two men. I know a hound that has an ancient, wrinkled, human, far-away look that reminds one of the bust of Homer among the Elgin marbles. He looks like the mountains toward which his heart yearns so much.—*John Burroughs, in Scribner for March.*

To KEEP hams after curing, wrap in brown paper and place in a tight bag, so as to be secure from flies; or, if preferred, cut hams in slices suitable for cooking, trim off the rind, and pack as compactly as possible in a stone jar; over the top pour melted lard so as to completely exclude the air. When ham is wanted for use, scrape off the lard, remove a layer of meat, and *always be particular* to melt the lard and return it *immediately* to the jar. Prepared either of the above ways, ham will keep through the season.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Dr. Nichols suggests in Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly* for March that the reason fruits do not digest well when eaten after flesh is because the gastric juice secreted to act on the meat will not act well on the fruit. Perhaps on this account the better way is to eat fruit before meals rather than as a dessert.

MISS CORSON says: "Both poultry and game are less nutritious than other kinds of meat, but they are more digestible, and consequently are better food for people of weak digestive organs and sedentary habits. They are both excellent for persons who think or write much."

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 6, 1880.

LIVE STOCK—Cattle	$7 50	@$10 75
Sheep	4 75	@ 6 75
Hogs	4 65	@ 4 95
FLOUR—Good to Choice	5 90	@ 8 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Chicago	1 42	@ 1 43
CORN—Western Mixed	59½	@ 60
OATS—Western Mixed	48	@ 49
RYE—Western	97	@ 98
PORK—Mess	11 75	@ 12 00
LARD—Steam	7 62½	@ 7 70
CHEESE	11	@ 14½
WOOL—Domestic Fleece	45	@ 60
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Extra	$5 00	@ $5 40
Choice	4 50	@ 4 75
Good	4 20	@ 4 40
Medium	3 75	@ 4 15
Butchers' Stock	2 80	@ 3 55
Stock Cattle	2 60	@ 3 65
HOGS—Live—Good to Choice	4 00	@ 4 80
SHEEP—Common to Choice	4 00	@ 5 75
BUTTER—Creamery	32	@ 37
Good to Choice Dairy	24	@ 30
EGGS—Fresh	11	@ 12
FLOUR—Winter	6 00	@ 7 00
Springs	5 00	@ 5 75
Patents	6 00	@ 8 00
GRAIN—Wheat, No. 2 Spring	1 24¾	@ 1 25
Corn, No. 2	37	@ 37¼
Oats, No. 2	31½	@ 31¾
Rye, No. 2	74	@ 75
Barley, No. 2	75	@ 75½
BROOM CORN—		
Red-Tipped Hurl	5½	@ 6
Fine Green	6½	@ 7
Inferior	5	@ 5½
Crooked	3	@ 4½
PORK—Mess	11 75	@ 11 80
LARD—Steam	7 15	@ 7 17½
LUMBER—		
Common Dressed Siding	$16 00	@$17 50
Flooring	24 00	@ 30 00
Common Boards	12 50	@ 15 00
Fencing	13 00	@ 15 00
Lath	2 35	@ 2 60
A Shingles	2 65	@ 2 70
BALTIMORE.		
CATTLE—Best	$4 50	@ $5 62½
Medium	3 12½	@ 4 12½
HOGS—Good	6 00	@ 6 75
SHEEP	4 50	@ 6 25
EAST LIBERTY.		
CATTLE—Best	$5 00	@ $5 25
Fair to Good	4 20	@ 4 85
HOGS—Yorkers	4 25	@ 4 50
Philadelphias	4 75	@ 4 85
SHEEP—Best	4 75	@ 6 00
Common	4 00	@ 4 25